The Times-Dispatch

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1909.

GOOD ROADS VS. DEPOPULATION.

In the special article which he contributed to the good roads supplement of the Sunday Times-Dispatch President Roosevelt put his finger on a vital point usually overlooked in our roads discussions. One of the most unsatisfactory and even alarming features of our modern life is the steady drift of population toward the large centres. The countrysides become depleted, while the cities grow unwholesomely crowded. It is obvious that there must be causes for such a movement, and that if it is far extended a very serious situation would follow. How to keep people in the country, and that is to say, how to make country life attractive, is one of the most important problems that our social experts have to solve.

The President's own interest in this problem has recently been made plain by his appointment of a commission for the express purpose of studying it at length. What a large bearing the roads question has upon it he makes very plain in his paper in The Times-Dispatch. His words are well worth reproducing here.

If winter means to the average farmer the existence of a long line of liquid morasses through which he is to move his goods if bent on business, or to wade and swim if bent on pleasure; if winter means that after an ordinary rain the farmer boy or girl cannot use his or her bicycle; if a little heavy weather means the stoppage of all communication not only with industrial centres, but with the neighbors, you must expect that there will be a great many young people of both sexes who will not find farm life attractive.

Every Southern State, and Virginia not the least of them, has suffered largely in recent years from depopulation. Our lads grow up, cast about them, take stock of the situation and decide to seek their fortunes elsewhere; and the State is thus deprived of a wealth of energy, initiative and brains which would be of the utmost value in her development. This, of course, applies to our smaller towns as much as to our country districts, or possibly even more; but it emphatically does apply to our country districts. To make country life in Virginia attractive to those who are born to it, and to others, would be to conserve to the State an asset which she cannot afford to lose; and the President's argument that good roads help largely to the desired end is not capable of refutation.

REAL SECRET POLICE.

While President Roosevelt's pretty little quarrel with Congress over Secret Service agents is still unsettled, comes the incredible story of Azeff, the Russian master of duplicity. To say that truth is stranger than fiction is not as dull as it once was, now that the Republic has been rendered silent and helpless in mid-ocean, only to be rescued from speedy sinking by wireless telegraphy. But no detective story of imagination, no novelists' dreams of underground Russia and secret police, ever developed a more astounding situation than that of Azeff, the chief of police of St. Petersburg, who became a fugitive to avoid the death sentence passed on himself by the Terrorists for treachery.

In the light of that story the petty sleuthing of a few land swindlers seems too trivial to mention. But to the uninitiated student of Russian affairs a bewildering vista is opened by this story, and the insuperable difficulty of ever getting to the bottom of the problems of that distracted country is made plain.

Every one has known that Russia and Turkey certainly, and perhaps others, have long maintained paid spies—agents-provocateur, as they are technically known—whose sole duty is to foment rebellion in order that the government may be justified in shedding blood.

Father Gapon, for example, the conspicuous revolutionary leader, who was afterwards sentenced to death by the revolutionary tribunal, and, despite his frantic efforts to escape, murdered, was such a bellwether of slaughter. He was in the pay of both sides, by both distrusted, and by one certain to be ultimately slain. Azeff knew Gapon's methods and his rewards and witnessed his end, but he either could not or would not turn back, and so we find that on November 11, Azeff, unannounced, appeared before M. Lopukine, ex-chief of police, saying in so many words, "I, the chief of police of St. Petersburg, have been condemned to death by the Socialist Revolutionary party, because they believe me a traitor to an organization I have both sworn to uphold and destroy. To you the revolutionary enemies of Russia will appeal for evidence on which to order my execution by murder. You can save or destroy my life. What will you do?" Instead of answering Azeff, M. Lopukine laid the whole case before M. Stolypin, the prime minister.

Could a situation be more complicated? And in such conditions how is the Czar to know what to do? His trusted officials are members of revolutionary bands, and he is never sure which tie is the stronger. But of one thing he is invariably certain; that grim fact is that death in a thousand forms at the hands of his acknowledged servants or open enemies is menacing himself, his family and his friends. In such a morass of insecurity, what is the responsible head to do but abdicate or rule with the compulsion of fear those whom no other ties will hold?

Gapon is murdered, Azeff has fled, but neither the Czar nor any other important personage in the government or the fighting opposition knows whether his bosom friend is not in the pay or employ of the other side, and is not plotting his death while chatting over a cup of coffee and a cigarette. Such a nightmare of plots and counterplots forms a wonderful background for romance, but offers a very poor basis for life, for the acquisition of property or the pursuit of happiness.

ENGLISHMEN'S HOMES.

In truth, our British cousins are, as the Spectator says, "a strange people." Beneath their boasted phlegm, so very dear to the heart and art of the lady novelist, runs a torrent of emotionalism and excitability hardly surpassed in Gaul. A look or a breath turns the vaunted ice to fire. If it is a German look or breath, the effect is doubly quick and severe. When Lord Roberts waves an evening-clad arm in the direction of Berlin and demands to know why Great Britain has not a standing army of 1,000,000 men; or when Major Baden-Powell explains with enormous detail how easily a fleet of airships could land a horde of Prussian sharpshooters in front of Westminster Abbey, England shudders to its core, and the very children cannot sleep o' nights. Just now a far worse terror has befallen England through the medium of a second rate melodrama.

So far as we are advised, "An Englishman's Home" is a play of such small intrinsic merit that it would be likely to play to the "lightest" houses in any theatre in this city. It is its supposed national significance that has set all England by the ears. The father in this "typical" British home plays diavolo, and his sons patronize, but do not even play, football and cricket. Their sister's sweetheart alone feels it his patriotic duty to bear arms, and is laughed at by the others for a fool. Thus the ordinary British attitude toward belligerency is depicted for future castigation. For, of course, war and invasion come and find this nation of diavolo players and cricket onlookers utterly unprepared. The trained armies of "the Empress of the North"—no need to translate that—swoop down upon the Englishman's home and ruthlessly butcher its molly-coddle population. The English volunteer army is shown to be utterly and ridiculously incapable of withstanding a foe. Thus the bodily and spiritual horrors that would follow upon an invasion are brought dramatically before the eyes of the spectator with this corollary very insistently implied: "This is what is going to happen to you—you, there, in the second row—unless you buy a rifle, drill every night, and help England to have a monster army."

In the present high-strung state of British nerves, it is not surprising that an exposition of this sort should have resulted in intense national excitement. The play has already precipitated a cabinet crisis; has imparted a hysterical interest to the King's approaching visit to Berlin, and is likely to have a profound effect on the national budget. Lord Roberts is finding it more potent that anything he or any other statesman could say for furthering the big army propaganda. Dozens of companies are being thrown together to stipple England with productions of the new "moral" play, and popular subscriptions are asked for that it may be put on the boards in towns too small to be financially attractive. The point is to let the whole United Kingdom know at the earliest moment what horrible perils are knocking at her gate.

Maybe so. At this distance our English friends look somewhat absurd. But are we more sane, more calm and more judicial? If this crude play should be the means of plunging England into war with Germany, we should have to remember the relation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the war of 1861. We have something of the same sort in miniature with us to-day. Who knows what excitement might be aroused on the Pacific coast at this moment by a lurid production of "A Californian's Home?"

The President calls spades spades and spoils spoils. This straight use of language may be irritating to Congress, but it will undoubtedly help to elucidate the popular mind.

Our research workers have failed to establish any connection between the high cost of living and the poetry of Alfred Austin.

Mr. Taft, however broad-minded he may be, would hardly regard him as a Crum of comfort.

It is the littlest men who usually decorate their shoulders with the biggest chips. Look at Nevada.

Knocking on wood lustily the while, we cannot forbear to inquire where, where is R. P. Hobson?

We shall not say with less money, but certainly with less time and trouble, Albert J. Hopkins might have got a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

As to the so-called short and ugly month, you see crocuses in Old Virginia where there are only tippets to be seen in Wicious Wermont.

Rattling it again, we'll admit that we don't see why Senator Hopkins's friends can't patch up his seat for him.

Had he stoked instead of wirelessed, of course, we might have got off a few allusions to Coal Bluns.

Borrowed Jingles

THE PITIFUL MILLIONAIRE.

Millionaires seldom smile.—Andrew Carnegie.

See the sad old millionaire
Passing in his motor car;
Ah, how heavy is his care
And how drawn his features are!
What a pity he has not
Anything to make him glad;
Sorrowful, indeed, his lot—
Thinking of it makes me sad.

Muffled in his warm fur coat,
You may think him richly blessed;
But a lump is in his throat,
And a pain is in his breast;
He is not compelled to work,
He may ride around at will,
But a thousand sorrows lurk
Underneath his waistcoat still.

All his days are dismal days.
Joys may come to you and me,
But no smile of his betrays
Any hint of hidden glee;
Things which he cannot possess
Still confront him everywhere;
Hence his lack of happiness,
Poor old, sad old millionaire.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

MERELY JOKING.

Between Acts.

"You can't see the leading lady now; she is busy in the dressing-room."

"Is she changing her costume for the next act?"

"No; this is an Ibsen play. She is merely making up her mind."—Cornell Widow.

Excess Baggage.

Howell—It is hard for a woman to understand statistics.

Powell—I guess that is so. I told my wife that for every passenger the railroads of this country transported two tons of freight, and she wanted to know why the passengers were allowed to carry so much baggage.—Harper's Weekly.

Deeply Afflicted.

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was.

"Yes'm," replied one little fellow; "he was a poet."—Universalist Leader.

As It Is.

"We allus seem to pick a time when our Congressman is powerful busy to come to Washington," said Si Smilling.

"That ain't it," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "Our Congressman allus turns in an' gits busy when he sees any of us comin'."—Washington Star.

Just Like New York.

"The village sot is going to plead emotional insanity as an excuse for robbing them hen roosts."

"What do you thing of that?"

"I think his public spirit ought to get him an acquittal. Ain't we aiming at making Plunkville a metropolitan town?"—Pittsburg Post.

Experimental.

"What's become of your dog? I haven't seen him for a long time."

"You notice what a cold I've got."

"Yes; but what's that—"

"Well, a lot of people told me things to do for my cold, and I was wise enough to try 'em on him first."—Cleveland Leader.

SHOTS FROM THE GALLERY.

"TENNESSEE will hold her own," declares the Atlanta Constitution. Perhaps. But the trouble is that the crowd now running things in Tennessee refuses to allow other people to hold their own."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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In view of Mr. Taft's affable attitude there may be those in the Senate who feel that if the Crum confirmation can be deferred until after March 4 something else will happen.—Indianapolis News.

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There is so much trouble in Congress about what sort of conveyance shall be supplied President Taft it is surprising some one has not proposed the elephant.—Philadelphia Press.

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Dignity prevents Mr. Roosevelt testifying in the newspaper libel suits. Thank heaven for even eleventh hour dignity!—Rochester Herald.

* * *

One of the real secrets of anti-Japanese legislation in California is the desire of a few silver-tongued demagogues to get into action.—Philadelphia Ledger.

* * *

The victory of Longboat, Indian, height five feet eleven, stride six feet six, over Shrubb, English, height five feet seven, stride five feet three, recalls the old adage that a good big man is better than a good little man.—New York Herald.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Rev. Charles A. Richmond, pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, of Albany, has been elected president of Union College, Schenectady. The college has been without a president since 1907, when Dr. A. V. V. Raymond resigned, to accept a call as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Buffalo.

L. Wilbur Messer, general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago, has started a project for the erection near the heart of the city of a hotel to accommodate a thousand men, to be run on the plan of the Mills Hotel, in New York City. He thinks that $500,000 will be enough to finance the project.

Mrs. Caroline B. Wallace and Miss Carrie A. Tennant, of California, members of the Women's Restoration League, who have conducted meetings in Geneva, Lausanne and Paris, in the interests of the child-wives of India, have gone to that country to work in behalf of a law raising the age of marriage in India from twelve to sixteen years.

A wedding cake six feet eight inches high, five feet in diameter at its base, and weighing 700 pounds, was baked recently by Luigi Marabiri, chef of the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, and shipped to Hamilton, Ont. The fruit used in the making of the cake was soaked in brandy and wine for six days, and the material would require a moving van to transport it at one time.

It is to the honor of Swedes that the fact of a woman working for her living in no way lowers her social position. Many professional ladies are the daughters of court officials and are received and welcomed in the court circle.

The government is experimenting in San Francisco Bay with a buoy bearing three huge wings of corrugated iron sheeting, which echo the whistles of steam vessels. It is believed it will prove as effective in a fog as though the buoy itself furnished the noise.

Americans have, during the past year, secured possession of the famous Kapsan copper mines of Northeastern Korea, while still other Americans have, during the past few months, been granted graphite mines in Southeastern Korea, both of which promise exceptionally profitable returns.

Northern Mexico is well adapted for the cultivation of the pecan tree. One of the largest firms in Mexico is sending Mr. Harvey C. Stiles, of Raymondsville, Tex., to Florida to purchase 200,000 young trees to be set out next January in the northern part of the State of Coahuila, Mexico.

BATTLESHIP DELAWARE.

Twenty Thousand Ton Vessel Marks Turning Point in Naval Policy.

The launching of the capital ship Delaware marks a notable turning point in the material development of the American navy. The ruling theories of warship design—first practically illustrated in the British Dreadnought—insist upon heavier armaments of unit calibre guns, more assured armor protection and higher speed. As a corollary, greater displacements had to be supplied for vessels intended for the first fighting line.

It is quite true that these essentials were in a certain degree embodied in the design of the South Carolina class, but, owing to the limitations imposed by Congress on the displacement, compromises had to be made between important and antagonistic qualities in order to get the best all-around efficiency.

In the 20,000-ton Delaware the evils of such compromises are greatly reduced, and should Congress, as now seems probable, authorize the two 26,000-ton battleships of a similar design the most powerful vessels so far provided will grace the list of our navy.—New York Herald.

The Courts of Europe

By La Marquise de Fontenoy.

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Peeresses in Their Own Right.

PEERESSES in their own right are rapidly increasing in number. It was only last week that I had to record in these letters an accession to the list, in the person of Lady William Cecil, who has inherited her father's baronetcy of Amherst of Hackney, and now the Hon. Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour has by her father's death come into the possession of his barony of Burton, of his vast fortune, and of his controlling interest in the great Bass brewing concern, of which he was the head.

The new Lady Burton, whose husband remains a commoner, is noted for her good humor, her high spirits, her unconventionality, and her freedom from all pose and affectation. She was at one time engaged to the present Duke of Teck, but ended by jilting, with her father's approval, the eldest brother of the future Queen of England, in order to contract what turned out to be a singularly happy marriage with the Laird of Dochfour.

When the late Lord Burton was raised, first to the baronetcy and then to the peerage, he declined to follow the usual custom of applying to the Royal College of Heralds for the discovery of mythical Norman and Christian forbears, being content to be ancestored by the true founder of his house, the humble carrier and bottle-washer, William Bass, and even made fun of the heraldic devices which he was compelled to assume, selecting as his motto a punning allusion to the name of his firm, namely, "Basis virtutum constantia," which he used to translate as "The virtue of Bass's ale is that it is always up to the mark."

The new Lady Burton resembles her father in this respect. On one occasion, at a dance in the old picture gallery of Holyrood Palace, when she whisked past him in the mazes of a Highland schottisch, an old-fashioned general, startled by her decidedly lively style of dancing, commented, "Hardly the manners of a Vere de Vere."

"No," retorted the then Miss Nellie Bass; they are the manners of a Beer de Beer, and jolly good beer it is, too!"

On another occasion, at a ball, the heir to the dukedom of Atholl, having been presented, and promised by her a dance, wrote his name of "Tullibardine" on her dance program.

"Is that really your name?" inquired the irrepressible Nellie. "It is a very curious one, and very long for everyday use."

"Well," replied the marquis, somewhat nettled, "it is a name pretty well known in Scotland. Have you never heard of the Tullibardines who fought at Culloden, or of my great-great-grandfather, who fell at Malplaquet?"

"Never, I am afraid," was the frank reply. "But then, you see, my great-grandfather was a bottle-washer."

Lady Burton, who has a boy of fourteen to inherit her peerage at her death, is passionately fond of animals, which are in turn devoted to her. She is a splendid shot, and prefers country life, especially in Scotland, to London, where she will now come into possession of her father's mansion, Chesterfield House, which was built for Philip Dormer Stanhope, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield, author of the celebrated "Letters" to his son. The library in which the letters were written has been preserved in its original style, with pious care.

Jim Baillie of Dochfour, the husband of Lady Burton, comes from the same stock as Lord Lamington, and the Baillies of Innishargie and of Rindufferin, in Ireland. According to tradition, the three sons of Sir William Baillie, of Lamington, in Lanarkshire, irritated beyond measure at the interference in their love affairs on the part of the priest who was acting as their tutor, subjected him to such injuries that he succumbed thereto, and they were forced in consequence to flee, and to settle in a remote part of Scotland. The eldest of the brothers settled in Inverness-shire, at Dochfour, and it is from him that the present Laird of Dochfour is descended, in a direct and unbroken line.

The laird's mother, the late Lady Frances Baillie, was a daughter of that Lord Elgin to whom the British Museum owes the possession of the Elgin Marbles, and during the last six or eight years of his life, she was the head of the household of her brother-in-law, Dean Stanley. She was a particular favorite of Queen Victoria, whose lady in waiting she had been; and among her brothers were Sir Frederick Bruce, who died in this country as British envoy; also General the Hon. Robert Bruce, who was the governor and mentor of King Edward during his youth, accompanying him on his trip to this country. Still another brother was James, Earl of Elgin, who after having, as he claimed, succeeded in floating a treaty between the United States and England through the Senate at Washington, on a sea of champagne, died as Governor-General of India.

The late Lord Burton was a particular friend of King Edward, their intimacy dating from the time when they were at college together at Cambridge; and while his peerage goes to his daughter Nellie, he is succeeded in his baronetcy by his nephew, William, son of his younger brother, the late Hamar Bass.

Sir William Bass is a cavalry officer, who saw service as a captain of the Tenth Hussars in the South African War, and is married to Lady Noreen Hastings, daughter of the thirteenth Earl of Huntington. Sir William is a popular figure on the turf, and attracted attention some years ago by his purchase of Charles D. Rose's celebrated stallion Cyllene, for $150,000, and by buying from the somewhat notorious Robert S. Siever, his almost equally famous horse, Sceptre, for $125,000.

I may mention in conclusion, that although Lady Burton and her cousin, Sir William Bass, regard their family as having been founded by the humble bottle-washer and carrier, whom I have described above as their great-great-grandfather, they are connected in a way with the family of Shakespeare. As every one knows, the bard's mother was a Mary Arden, granddaughter of Walter Arden, of Park Hall, Warwickshire. Emily Jane Arden, who married Michael Thomas Bass, and who was the grandmother of the new Lady Burton and of Sir William Bass, was descended in a direct line from this Walter Arden, of Park Hall, Warwickshire.

Miss Jane Thornhill, the favorite partner of King Edward at bridge, and who on this account is included in all the house parties and dinners organized in his honor, is a sister of the now widowed Lady Burton, with whom she has made her home for years. She is a great character, very independent, and does not hesitate in the least at criticizing the King when his play does not happen to meet with her approval.

John Alexander Stirling, the Perthshire laird, who has been attracting so much unsavory attention by his efforts to get rid of his American actress wife in the Courts of Divorce at Edinburgh, is the head of a junior branch of the ancient House of Stirling of Keir, this branch having acquired Kippendavie, near Dunblane, towards the end of the sixteenth century. The Stirlings of Kippendavie of Keir, and of Carden—all of the same stock—were rank Jacobites at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and James Stirling, a mathematician, and friend of Sir Isaac Newton, was in 1715 expelled from Oxford for daring to correspond with such objectionable kinsfolk as those of his relatives who had attached themselves to the cause of the Pretender. He betook himself to Venice, where he made his home for years, and where he eventually managed, at the risk of his life, to obtain possession of the trade secrets of the famous Venetian glassmakers. These secrets he brought back to England, and turned them to such good account that several efforts were made to murder him by emissaries sent from Venice for the purpose. He escaped their machinations and lived to a ripe old age, being popularly known by the nickname of "The Venetian."

STATE PRESS

Want an Early Primary.

In the forthcoming contest for the gubernatorial nomination, the candidates have been before the people for at least a year. They have stumped the State from one corner to another, and we doubt if there are but few voters who have not already made up their minds as to which they will support. Yet, give us as early a date as possible, so we can all be through with the worry.—Blackstone Courier.

Richmond Is All Right.

Who said there is or ever was any prejudice in the country against Richmond? If there is a Virginian, even in the remotest corner, who has ever been to Richmond or come in contact with her in any way who doesn't appreciate her, then so much worse said citizen. There is something woefully wrong with him. There are a few un-Richmond things in Richmond that are open to criticism, but Richmond—Richmond proper—true Richmond—is a world-beater. We haven't yet met a man or woman either who would not say: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go to Richmond." Who said anything about "prejudice?"—Clinch Valley News.

Virginia's Ship Yard.

It is a tribute to Virginia that she has a plant capable of constructing such a ship as the Delaware. None but a ship yard of the first-class could handle such a contract, and the Newport News ship yard is in every particular first-class. In fact, taking the dry docks into consideration, it is the most complete ship yard in the United States. . . .

There is a great future for this ship yard, in spite of the ups and downs of the shipbuilding industry in the United States. We have kept pace with the world, surpassing most nations, in other branches of industry, and we are going to compete with the world in building ships.—Newport News Times-Herald.

Vetoing the Census Bill.

The message in which the President expresses disapproval of the census bill is a very strong and well-considered document. The leading objection is to that feature of the rejected measure which removes appointees from the operation of the civil service law, and here Mr. Roosevelt is very emphatic; and he strengthens his argument with pertinent citations from the report of the superintendent of the last census to show that by taking the officials from a classified list of proven competents, not only will the work be more efficiently performed, but at a greatly reduced cost. This provision in the bill is said to have commended itself to members of the House because it would give the representatives from each congressional district, irrespective of party affiliation, a share in the immense patronage to be distributed.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Opposes Prohibition.

Several gentlemen have been mentioned as candidates for the Legislature, but we do not know their views on the most important questions which will arise during the next session of the Legislature, and regardless of any personal feeling we will be governed in our advocacy of or opposition to them entirely by their platforms. If they favor prohibition they can expect our most earnest and strenuous opposition. We believe that the leaders who are agitating it are governed entirely by either mercenary or selfish considerations, and are totally lacking in sincerity. In theory it is wrong, and in practice it is a farce.—Lawrenceville Gazette.

Voice of the People

Cost of Good Roads.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have just read Ex-Governor Tyler's article regarding the road question, and to my mind is just about right. We are seemingly run mad to get deeper in debt, never once taking a sensible thought as to the outcome. Not many years ago, I think, I remember our lawmakers found a surplus of nearly a half-million dollars in the treasury of our State. To an outsider they seemed to reason thus: Let's raise salaries and create new offices till this is used up. To apply this to our State debt would be unwise, as we have arranged to pay this off in ninety-nine years. My father was during the '40's tax collector, and I see some of the old receipts here, and very seldom you find one where the tax on a 500-acre farm would be more than $7—and lands then produced much larger crops than now. My grandfather owned the farm I have now. He died in 1855. At his sale that fall the grain sold for over $5,000. The land he produced this on can to-day be bought for less than this amount, and now the taxes are very much higher than they were in his lifetime. It would seem we had better halt awhile and see if we are not on a wrong track. I would like very much to see good roads. The four and six-mule narrow-tire wagons undo the roads in our section. B. H. WALKER.

Stevenville, February 5.

The Lincoln Memorial Highway.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—If there is to be a road built by the United States government as a memorial to Lincoln, would it not be the proper thing for it to be a link uniting certain sections of our country which were for a time divided? I therefore not only indorse the proposition advanced by some to have such road between Washington and Richmond, the capitals of the Union and of the Confederacy, but I will go further, and say let it be from Gettysburg to Appomattox via Washington, Richmond, Petersburg; nor would I stop at Appomattox, but go thence to Lynchburg, Lexington and up the Valley back to Washington. Can one imagine a section of our country richer in history than this? What an object lesson it would give to road-building! What a trip for the automobilists and others as well as a monument, not only pleasing to the eye, but of practical benefit as well.

S. B.

Richmond, February 6.

WHITE BURLEY TOBACCO.

Used Almost Exclusively in America; Foreign Countries Prefer Dark.

"White burley" is a term which the newspaper reader has remarked in recent accounts of the night riders. It describes a kind of tobacco unknown before the Civil War, but now widely used for chewing, cigarette, pipe and cigar purposes, particularly for chewing purposes. This tobacco originated in Ohio, where in 1866 a Brown county farmer noticed that certain plants in a field which he had sown with government seed were light green in color, with cream-colored midribs and stalks. He found that the cured product had a brighter hue than the original red tobacco which grew about it. Because of its mild quality and silky texture, this variety, a "sport" of the old, came to be widely cultivated. Its consumption is largely confined to this country.

All of this species is raised in the Ohio Valley. In the Ohio Valley also grows the dark tobacco, sometimes called the black burley, which is chiefly consumed abroad. The district where this latter tobacco thrives includes Western Kentucky, part of Western Tennessee, a small area of Missouri, Southern Illinois and Southwestern Indiana. Kentucky and these bordering States produce 376,647,000 pounds annually, one-sixth of the world's crop, and more than half our own.

Foreign countries have their own prejudices, and the dark tobacco is graded to meet them. The English market takes grades from a bright red to a dark brown. The German market used to prefer a chocolate hue, but is veering to the English standard. The Italian market takes grades from a cherry red to a deep brown, the better ones having a silky finish. The Austrian market takes a light grade, of a quality higher than the Italian. The Swiss market takes the best quality of the Austrian. The French and Spanish markets take the extreme of light-bodied grades, and the Spanish is a cheap nondescript tobacco. Africa uses a long, narrow leaf, with plenty of body, but of a coarse fibre; our exporters call this brand "balers."—New York Evening Mail.

ENGLAND'S JINGO PLAY.

Du Maurier's Drama Will Help Compulsory Military Service in England.

The panic of fear, which recalls the era of the Napoleonic wars, and the British dread of the Corsican, who was called General Buonaparte by every patriotic Briton, even after Tilsit, has been largely caused by a play written by one of the sons of George du Maurier. He comes of highly imaginative stock. But his play was produced, as our London dispatches this morning indicate, at a propitious moment. The country has been stirred into distrust of the Kaiser and fear of Germany. The play, The Times's London correspondent says, is not a good play, but it has caught the public fancy, and its influence is felt by all classes of society. People who a few months ago were identifying every German barber and waiter in London as a spy of the Kaiser have no difficulty in accepting Major du Maurier's dramatized prophecy. There are three days of fog in the play, and England has had three days of fog this very week. What more conclusive evidence could be needed of the soundness of this theatrical argument?

Of course, it all seems absurd to people who are away from the scene. There is clearly no more danger of invasion now than there was last week or last year. There is no danger at all of a military invasion when the whole country is on the alert. There are no visible signs of war. What there is for Great Britain and Germany to fight about the most rabid British foe of the Germans could not clearly explain. Only the other day Mr. Haldane, Secretary for War, declared that his country was in greater danger from the growth of socialism than foreign invasion. That seems perfectly true. The threat of socialism retards industrial progress and destroys credit. But Mr. Haldane has not always talked as sensibly, and both he and Lord Roberts, in their desire to upbuild the army, have done their share to frighten the people and prepare for the present panic.—New York Times.

CHILD LABOR.

Parents Too Busy to Attend to Them, They Will Run Wild or Go to Work.

The natural guardian of the child is the parent. The nature of the employment of the cotton mill operative is such that the child does not receive from the parent the attention that the child should have. In a word, the father and the mother both work in the mill; consequently, the child, when it is too young to work in the mill, runs at large in the mill village.

That the mother of children must work outside of her own home may be, and is, a thing to be deplored—but what is to be done about it?

No one disputes that child labor is an evil, but the shrieking writers on the subject have neglected to consider frankly the difficulties that embarrass its abolition. No one has the temerity to propose that an adult, man or woman, shall be prevented from contracting work where he or she may wish; there is a limit to interference with personal liberty on the part of reformers, so they proceed to rail against child labor and omit to suggest any salvation for the mill village child from a life of juvenile vagabondage.

The mill managers meantime, recognizing that child vagabondage is an evil not less than child labor, ask the State to supply the control that is next best to parental control—that of the truant officer and teacher. In other words, the mill owners ask that school attendance in the mill villages be made compulsory, so that illiteracy, idleness and vice may not be promoted.—Charleston News and Courier.

SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

Jersey Legislature Speaker Carries Long List of Degrees.

The "scholar in politics" has occasionally attracted attention in this country, but never, perhaps has one of that type burst upon the political world more resplendent with the insignia of erudition than John D. Prince, the newly elected Speaker of the New Jersey House of Representatives. His publishers inform the country that Mr. Prince was graduated in 1888 from Columbia University, studied Semitic languages in Berlin University, Germany, and was subsequently elected "fellow in Semitic languages" of Johns Hopkins University, from which institution he has received the degree of doctor of philosophy. Subsequently he was sent as the official representative of Columbia University on the expedition to Babylonia, organized by the University of Pennsylvania. He has held the professorship of Semitic languages at Columbia for several years, and is a member of several scientific and philological societies, and is also an authority on Assyrian subjects.—Springfield Republican.

AMERICANIZATION.

Our Peaceful Conquest of Australia Is British Bogy.

A new bogy is raised before the British, a spectre of endangered colonial prestige due to the Americanization of Australia. Writing from Sydney, a correspondent of the London Post says:

A cursory survey of Australia reveals a quite astonishing inroad of Americanism. It shows in the big things as well as in the little things of life. In the High Court American case law is cited more frequently than British case law. In the food shops and habit shops characteristic American habits of eating and dressing prove their existence. In the theatres and music halls quite three-fourths of the chief performers are Americans. On the bookstalls American publications are more common than British publications.

According to this writer, the question, "Is Australia tending toward Americanization?" would have hardly been worth asking at the close of the nineteenth century. Now the tendency is taking such form that "British statesmanship should give attention to it."

Similar tendencies to Americanization may be noted in other British colonies—in Canada, where Andro Siegfried found the American influence strong in all but the naval and military cities of the Dominion, and strongest of all in the new cities of the Canadian Northwest; in the British African dependencies, which are undergoing an industrial Americanization, due to the typewriter and the cash register, the American shoe, the American harvesting and mining machinery and American carpenters' and mechanics' tools.

The spread-eagle orators, who were confident of our ability to "lick creation," were perhaps only a little ahead of their age. Having deprived England of one of her colonies by war, are we destined to make a peaceful conquest of the others?—New York World.

JAPAN IN MANCHURIA.

Nippon Is Diverting Emigration from United States to Asia's Mainland.

East Asia, instead of being, as most men imagine, thronged with population, has, with crowded provinces in Central and Southern China, vast tracts empty of cities and of settlers. Siberia is the great region toward which the Russian surplus flows apace. The Russian emigrant is already finding his way to the regions about the river Amur, and to Northern Manchuria.

To meet this Japan must swiftly occupy Korea with new settlers, swarm over Manchuria, develop Sakhalin and the Siberian fisheries, fill Formosa, and make ready for tropical expansion. If this is not done, when the inevitable contest comes again over East Asia between Russia and Japan, the island empire will not be ready.

Russia will then be stronger in East Asia. Instead of a territorial East Asiatic army of 146,000 men, with which Russia began the last war, the next Muscovite commander will have twice this. Japan must be ready with well-peopled continental tracts in Korea and Manchuria. The whole future of Japan depends on being strong in Asia on the mainland.

This has enlisted the Japanese government in the task of turning Japanese emigration from California to Korea, and from America to Asia. The necessity for this puts Japan under bonds to continue this policy. Nothing can imperil it but reckless legislation on the Pacific Coast, which touches the national pride of Japan.—Philadelphia Press.

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S VISIT.

Harvard Has Many Southern Men in Her Roster of Graduates.

It is indeed especially fitting that the president of Harvard University, a typical product of New England, should include among his last official duties a visit to the South, for in spite of the antagonism which at certain times seemed to keep New England and the Southern States irrevocably apart, they have always had for one another a profound interest and respect, nor have they forgotten their heroic co-operation in the days of the Revolution. And furthermore, the relations between Harvard and the South have always been close and intimate. No Harvard man can feel a stranger in the South when he remembers the many Southerners who have been and are students at the university. The merest glance at the list of Harvard men who served in the forces of the Confederacy shows many well-known names—the Lees and Washingtons, of Virginia; the Alstons, Pringles, Elliotts and Rhetts, of South Carolina; the Rustises, of Mississippi; the Labouisses, of Louisiana, and many others, all have a friendly and familiar ring to Northern ears.—Harvard Bulletin.

PROHIBITION IN NEW ZEALAND.

Growth of No-License Plan Shown by Votes.

That the no-license movement is strong throughout the English-speaking world at the present time is indicated by the experience of New Zealand in the past dozen years. The local option law went into force in 1896, when the totals of the various local option polls showed 139,500 for license, 94,500 for fewer saloons and 98,300 for no-license. Since then there has been a steady gain by the no-license people over both the license and the reduction advocates, the total polls last autumn being as follows: License, 186,300; reduction, 161,800; no-license, 209,100. Those who favor license or fewer saloons still outnumber in combination the no-license advocates, but the last elections were rather staggering to the saloon and brewery interests.—Springfield Republican.

What They Do Not Read.

Not one in ten citizens takes a religious paper.

Not one in fifty takes a scientific journal.

Not one in ten takes a youth's paper.

Not one in fifty takes a musical or art journal.

Not one in ten takes a household paper.

Not one voter in a hundred takes a paper devoted to the science of government and the principles of free institutions.

Not one citizen in twenty takes a poultry paper.

Not one farmer in twenty takes a paper devoted to horticulture.

Not one in twenty takes a live stock journal.

Not one in three takes a farm paper.—Farm Journal.